## SUSY;

The Story of a Waif.

BY BRET HARTE.

Coppright, 1892, by Francis Bost Harte. CHAPTER V.-(Continued).

She laughed at his changed expression and then awang herself envily to a sitting posture on the low projecting branch of a hemicok. The act was still girlish, but nevertheless she still looked down upon him in a superior patronizing way. "Now, Clarence," she said, with a half-abstracted manner, "don't you be a big fool! If you talk that way to mother she'll only tell you you must walt two or three years until you know your own mind, and she'll pack me off to that horrid school again. besides watching me like a cat every moment you are here. If you want to stay here and see me sometimes like this-you'll just behave as you have done and say nothing. Do you see? Perhaps you don't care to come, or are estished with Mary and mother. Say so, then, Goodness knows! I don't want to force you

to come here." Modest and reserved as Clarance was generally. I fear that bashfulness of approach to the other sex was not one of these indications. He walked up to Susy with appalling direct noss, and passed his arm around her waist. She did not move, but remained looking at him and his intruding arm with a certain critical curiosity, as if awaiting some novel sensation. At that he kinsed her. She than alowly engaged her arm, and said: "Really, upon my word, Clarence," in perfectly level tones, and slipped quietly to the ground. He again caught ber in his arms, encircling her disarranged hair and part of the heribboned hat hanging over her shoul-der, and remained for an instant holding her thus sileatly and tenderly. Then she freed herself with an abstracted air, a half smile and an unchanged color except where her soft cheek had been abraded by his coat collar. "You're a bold, rude boy, Clarence," she said, putting back her hair quietly and straightening the brim of her hat. "Heaven knows where you learnt manners," and then from a safe distance. With the same critical look in her violet eves. "I suppose you think mother would allow that-if she knew it. But Clarence, now completely subjected

heightened color, protested that he only wanted to make their intercourse less constrained and to have their relations-even their engagement-recognized by their parents. But still he would take her advice Only there was always the danger that if they were discovered she would be sent back to the conventall the same, and his banishment, instead of being the probation of a few years, would be a perpetual separation.

We could always run away. Clarence." re sponded the young girl calmly. "There's othing the matter with that."

Clarence was startled. The idea of desolating the sad, proud, handsome Mrs. Peyton, whom he worshipped, her kind husband, whom he was just about to serve, was groteaque and confusing, but he said hopelessly Yes."

"Of course," she continued with the same odd affectation of corness which was, however, still distinctly uncalled for, as she eyed him from under her broad hat, "you needn't come with me unless you like. I can run away myself-if I want to. I've thought of it before.

One can't stand exerything.".
"But. Susy." said Clarence, with a swift, re-morseful recollection of her confidence resterday, "is there really anything troubles you.

"O, nothing-everything! It's no use; you ean't understand! You like it. I know you in: I can see it: it's your style. But it's stupid. it's awful. Ciarence! With mamma snooping Dear child. 'Mumma's pet,' and 'What is it. four ? and 'Tell it all to your own matuma As if I would! And 'my own mamma,' indeed! As if I didn't know, Clarence, that she isn't.
And pape-caring for nothing but this hideous. dreary rancho and the huge, empty plains! It's worse than school, for there, at least, when | erection of his cabin by some peaceful carpencattle and horses, and rellow-faced half-breeds! But here-Lord! It's only a wonder I haven't run away before!"

Startled and shocked as Clarence was at this revelation, accompanied as it was by a hardness of manner that was new to him, the influence of the young girl was still so strong upon him that he tried to evade it as only an extravagence, and said, with a faint smile, " Bu where would you run to?"

She looked at him cunningly with her head on one side and then said: "I have friendsand -- " She hesitated, pursing up her line.

And what?"

Relations? Yes, an aunt by marriage. She lives in Sacramento. She'd be overjoyed to have me come to her. Her second husband has a thea-

But, Susy, what does Mrs. Peyton know of Nothing. Do you think I'd tell her and have her buy them up as she has my other relations? Do you suppose I don't know that I've been bought up like a nigger?" She looked indignant, compressing her delicate little nostrils, and yet somehow Clarence had the same singular impression that she was

The calling of a far-off voice came faintly through the wood.
"That's Mary looking for me." said Susy,

composedly. "You must go now, Clarence. Quick: Bemember what I said—and don't breathe a word of this. Good-by." But Clarence was standing still, breathless, copelessly disturbed and irresolute. Then he

turned away mechanically toward the trail. Well, Clarence ?" She was looking at him half reproachfully. half sequettishly, with smiling, parted lips. He hastened to forget himself and his troubles

upon them twice and thrice. Then she quickand, as Mary's call was repeated. Clarence beard her voice answering: "Here, dear," as he was plunging into the thicket. He had scarcely reached the Madrono tree again and remounted his horse before he

heard the sound of hoofs approaching from the road. In his present unessiness he did not care to be discovered so near the rendezyous and drew back into the shadow until the semewhat disturbed face, riding rapidly. Still fellow him, but he was relieved when his host instead of taking the direct road to the ranch through the wild oats, turned off in the direc

A moment later Clarence wheeled into the direct road and presently found himself in the long afternoon shadows through the thickest of the grain. He was riding slowly, immersed in thought, when he was suddenly startled by a hissing noise at his ear and what seemed to be the uncolling stroke of a leaping serpent at his side. Instinctively he threw imself forward on his horse's neck, and as the animal shied into the grain, felt the crawiing scrape and jerk of horsehair lariat across his back and down his horse's flanks. He reined in indignantly and stood up in his stirrups. Nothing was to be seen above the level of the grain; beneath him the trailing lariat had as neiselessly vanished as if it had been indeed a gliding anake. Had he been the rictim of a practical joke, or of the blunder of vaquero? He made no doubt that it was the lasso of one of the performers

secupied mind did not dwell long upon it, and by the time he had reached the wall of the old marden the incident was forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

dom. "I wish you luck. Jim, but I see no reason why you should trust

to it. I don't know of anything that

could keep you from making your-self independent of any one, if you go to work

with a long aim and don't fritter away your

chances on short ones. If I were you, old

fellow. I'd drop the plains and the Indians out

of mythoughts-or at least out of my talk-for

a while. They won't help you in the long run.

The people who believe you will be jealous of

you; those who don't will look down upon you

and if they get to questioning your little In-

dian remances, Jim, they'll be apt to question

your civilized facts. That won't help you in the ranching business-and that's your only

real grip now." For the space of two or three

hours after this Jim was reasonably grateful

and even subdued. So much so that his employer, to whom he confided his good fortune,

frankly confessed that he believed him from

that unusual fact alone. Unfortunately,

neither the practical lesson conveyed in this grim admission nor the sentiment

of gratitude remained long with Jim.

Another idea had taken possession of

his fancy. Although the land nom-inated in his bill of sale had been -except on

the occasion of his own temporary halt there-

always unoccupied, unsought, and unclaimed.

and although he was amply protected by legal

certificates, he gravely collected a posse of three or four idlers from Fair Plains, armed

them at his own expense, and in the dead of night took belligerent and forcible possession

of the peaceful domain which the weak gener-

osity and unherote dollars of Clarence had

purchased for him! A martial camp fire tem-

pered the chill night winds to the pulses of the

invadors, and enabled them to sleep on their

arms in the field they had won. The morning

sun revealed to the astonished Hopkins family

the embattled plain beyond, with its armed

sentries. Only then did Jim Hooker condescend

to explain the reason of his warlike occupation. with dark hints of the outlying "squatters"

and "jumpers," whose incursions their bold-

ness alone had repulsed. The effects of this romantic situation upon the two women. with the slight fascination of danger imparted

into their quiet lives, may well be imagined.

Possibly owing to some incautious question-

ing by Mr. Hopkins, and some doubts of the

discipline and sincerity of his posse. Jim dis-

charged them that next day, but during the

Meantime Clarence, duly informed of the

severe trial. It was necessary for his plans

installation of Jim as his tenant, underwent a

that this should be kept a secret at present.

and this was no easy thing for his habitually

tioned that he had met Jim at the settlement.

but the information was received with such indifference by Susy and with marked disfavor

by Mrs. Peyton that he said no more. He ac-

companied Peyton in his rides around the

rancho, fully possessed himself of the details

of its boundaries, the debatable lands held by

the enemy, and listened with beating pulses

but a hushed tongue, to his host's ill-con-ceived misgivings. "You see, Clarence, that lower terrace?" he said, pointing to a far-

reaching longitudinal plain beyond the corral,

'it extends from my corral to Fair Plains.

That is claimed by the Sister's title, and as

hings appear to be going if a division of

the land is made it will be theirs. It's bad

enough to have this best grazing land lying

just on the flanks of the corral held by

but I am afraid it may be made to mean some

hing even worse. According to the old sur-

vava these terraces on different levels were the natural divisions of the property-one

heir or his tenant taking one, and another

taking another-an easy distinction that saved

the necessity of boundary fencing or month

ments, and gave no trouble to people who

archal concord. That is the form of division

they are trying to reestablish now. Well."

he continued, auddenly lifting his eyes to the

young man's flushed face in some uncon-

salous sympathetic response to his earnes

breathlessness. "although my boundary line

extends half a mile into that field, my house

and garden and corral are actually upon that

terrace or level." They certainly appeared to be on the same line as the long field beyond.

'If." went on Peyton. "such a decision is

made, they will push on and claim the house

"But," said Clarence quickly, "you said their title was only valuable where they got

or could give possession. You already have yours. They can't take it except by force."

"No." said Peyton grimly. "nor will they dare to do it as long as I live to fight them."

"But persisted Clarence with the same singular hesitancy of manner. "why didn't you purchase possession of at least that part

which lies so dangerously near your house?"

naturally preferred buying what might prove

legal title to their land from these imposters

than to sell out to me at a fair price."
"But couldn't you have bought from them

"My dear Clarence, I am not a Ormaus nor

a fool. Only a man who was both would at-

now, of course, insist that their whole claim should be bought up at their own price by the

man most concerned in defeating them."

He turned away a little impatiently. For-

tunately, he did not observe that Clarence's

averted face was crimson with embarrassment.

and that a faint smile hovered nervously

Since his late rendezvous with Susy. Clarence

had no chance to interrogate her further

"Because it was held by squatters who

and everything on the terrace."

both?" continued Clarence.

frank and open stature. He had once men-

curity they had never missed.

half suspected, but of the discontent that had produced it, or the recklessness it might Relieved of Clarence Brant's embarrassing woke, there was no doubt. She might be tempted to some act of folly. He wondered if presence, Jim Hooker did not refuse to avail himself of that opportunity to expound to the Mary Rogers knew it, yot with his sensitive ideas of loyalty he would have shrunk from farmer and his family the immense wealth. any confidence with Mary regarding her friend's secrets, although he fancied that had just left him. Although Clarence's plan had suggested retigence. Hooker could not Mary's dark eyes sometimes dwelt upon him with mournful consciousness and promoni-tion. He did not imagine the truth, that forego the pleasure of informing them that "Clar" Brant had just offered to let him into an extensive land speculation. He had previromantic contemplation was only the result of Mary's conviction that Susy ously declined a large share or original locawas utterly unworthy of his love. It so tion in a mine of Clarence's, now worth a million, because it was not "his style." chanced one morning that the vaquero who brought the post from Santa Inez arrived earlier than usual, and so anticipated passettled titles and lawless man, he need the two girls, who usually made a youthful not remind them, required some experipoint of meeting him first as he passed the ence of border warfare! He would not say positively, although he left them to draw garden wall. The letter bag was consequently delivered to Mrs. Peyton in the presence of the their own conclusions with gloomy signifi-cance, that that was why Clarence had sought others, and a look of consternation passed behim. With this dark suggestion he took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and their daughter tween the young girls. But Mary quickly seized upon the bag as if with girlish and mischievous impatience, opened it, and glanced Phobe the next day, not without some natural human emotion, and peacefully drove his team within it. "There are only three letters for and wagon into the settlement of Fair Plains. He was not prepared, however, for a sudden you," she said, handing them to Clarence with a quick look of significance which he falled to comprehend, "and nothing for me and Susy."
"But," began the innocent Clarence as his realization of his imaginative prospects. A few days after his arrival in Fair Plains, he refirst glance at the letters showed him that one ceived a letter from Clarence explaining that he had not time to return to Hooker to consult him. but had, neverthestopped his speech, and he quickly put the letters in his pocket, "Didn't you understand that Susy don't want her less, fulfilled his promise by taking advantage of an opportunity of purchasing the Spanish "Bister s" title to certain unoccupied mother to see that letter?" asked Mary impatiently, when they were alone a lands near the settlement. As these lands in part joined the section already preempted and moment later. "No," said Clarence simply, handing her the missive. Mary took it and occupied by Hopkins. Clarence thought that Jim Hooker would choose that part for the sake of his neighbor's company. He enclosed turned it over in her hands. "It's in a man's also a draft on San Francisco for a sum sufhandwriting," she said innocently. "I hadn't noticed it." returned Clarence with invincible ficient to enable Jim to nut up a cabin and "stock" the property, which he begged he would consider in the light of a loan to be nalveté, but porhaps it is." "And you hand it over for me to give to Susy, and ain't a bit cupaid back in installments only when the property could afford it. At the same time if Jim was in difficulty he was to inform him. The rious to know who it's from?" " No," returned Clarence, opening his big eyes in smiling and apologetic wonder. "Well." responded the young lady with a long breath of melancholy letter closed with a characteristic, Clarencelike mingling of enthusiasm and older wisastonishment, "certainly of all things you are

> herself, she left him. She had not herself the slightest idea who the letter was from; she only knew that Susy wanted it concealed. The incident made little impression on Clarence except as part of the general uneasiness he felt in regard to his old playmate. It seemed so odd to him that this worry should come from her-that she herself should form the one discordant note in the Arcadian dream that he had found so sweet; in his previous imaginings it was the presence of Mrs. Perton which he had dreaded; she whose propiniquity now seemed so full of gentle-ness, reassurance, and repose. How worthy the seemed of any sacrifice he could make for her! He had seen so little of her for the last two or three days, although her smile and greeting were always ready for him. Poor Clarence did not dream that she had found from certain incontestable signs and tokens both in the young ladies and himself that he did not require watching, and that becoming more resigned to Susy's indifference, which seemed so general and passive in quality.

-you really are—" With which inco-herency, apparently perfectly intelligible to

regarding her mysterious relative. That that

shadowy presence was more or less exagger-ated-if not an absolute myth-he more than

she was no longer tortured by jealousy. Finding himself alone that afternoon, the young man had wandered somewhat listlessly peyond the low adobe gateway. The habits of the slesta obtained in a modified form at the rancho. After luncheon its masters and em-ployees usually retired, not so much from the torrid heat of the afternoon sun, but from the first harrying of the afternoon trades, whose monotenous whistles swept around the walls. A straggling passion vine near the gate beat and struggled against the wind. Clarence had stopped near it, and was gazing with worried abstraction across the tossing fields,

when a soft voice called his name. It was a pleasant voice-Mrs. Peyton's! He glanced back at the gateway; it was empty. He looked quickly to the right and left; no one

The voice spoke again with the musical addition of a laugh; it seemed to come from the passion vine. Ah. yes-behind it and half overgrown by its branches was a long, narrow embragured opening in the wall, defended by back, as in the frame of a picture, the halflength figure of Mrs. Peyton, very handsome and striking, too, with a painted picturesqueness the effect of checkered light and shade.

said. "I am afraid you are finding it very gloomy preoccupation and the estentations dull at the rancho. The prospect certainly is wearing of his revolvers. As an opulent and not very enlivening from where you stand." powerful neighbor he took his meals with the family while his house was being built and his eyes as he held back a spray before the generally impressed them with a sense of se-

opening. 'If you are not afraid of being worse bored. come in here and talk with me. You have never seen this part of the house, I think-my own sitting room. You reach it from the hall in the gallery. But Lola or Anita will show

you the way." He re-entered the gateway and quickly found the hall—a narrow, arched passage, whose black, tunnel-like shadows were absolutely unaffected by the vivid, colorless glare of the courtyard without, seen through an openng at the end. The contrast was sharp, blinding, and distinct; even the edges of the openng were black: the outer light halted on the threshold, and never penetrated within. The warm odor of verbena and dried rose leaves stole from a half-open door somewhere in the cloistered gloom. Guided by it, Clarence presently found himself on the threshold of a low. vaulted room. Two other narrow embrasured windows like the one he had just seen, and fourth wider-latticed casement, hung with gauze curtains, suffused the apartment with a clear yet inveterious twilight that seemed its own. The gloomy walls were warmed by bright-fringed bookshelves topped with trifles of light feminine coloring and adornment. Low easy chairs and a lounge, smail, fanciful tables, a dainty deak, gayly colored baskets of worsteds or mysterious kaleidoscopic fragments, and vases of flowers pervaded the apartment with a mingled sense of grace and comfort. There was a womanly refinement in its careless neg-ligence, and even in the delicate wrapper of Japanese silk. gathered at the waist and falling in easy folds to the feet of the graceful mistress of this charming disorder, which looked a part of its refined abandonment. hands cleared a space for him on the lounge.

Clarence hesitated as on the threshold of some sacred shrine. But Mrs. Peyton with her own "You will easily suspect from all this disorder, Mr. Brant, that I spend a greater part of my time here, and that I seldom see much company. Mr. Peyton occasionally comes in long enough to stumble over a footstool or up-set a vase, and I think Mary and Susy avoid it from a firm conviction that there is work concealed in these baskets. But I have my books here, and in the afternoons, behind these thick walls, one forgets the incessant stir and restessness of the dreadful winds outside. Just now you were foolish enough to tempt them while you were nervous or worried or listless. Take my word for it, it's a great mistake. There is no more use fighting them, as I tell Mr. Peyton, than of fighting the people born under them. I have my own opinion that these winds were sent only to stir this lazy race of mongrels into activity, but that they are enough to drive us Anglo-Saxons into nervous frenzy. Don't you think so? But you are young and energetic, and perhaps you are

not affected by them."

She spoke pleasantly and playfully, yet with
She spoke pleasantly and playfully, yet with

in a Spanish rancho, with only the netive pown town our day and scarcely speaking his white mornings on horseback in fields like these, until the vientos generales—as they call them—sprang up and drove him nearly frantic, and books in his awas to bury himself annual the books in his awas to bury himself annual the books in his awas to bury himself annual to the world—just as she did. The smiller out a sudden conviction of his familiarity in suggesting an equality of experience and he biushed. But Mrs. Peyton divorted his ombitions and the smiller of the smiller

by marriage—had signed her consent to Susy's adoption, that there should be no further intercourse with the family. There seemed to us no necessity for reopening the past, and Susy herself expressed no desire." She stopped, and again fixing her eyes on Clarence, said: "Do you know any of them?"

But Clarence by this time had recovered himself and was able to answer carelossly and truthfully that he did not. Mrs. Peyton, still recarding him closely, added somewhat deliborately: "It matters little now what relations she has; Mr. Peyton and I have complete legal control over her until she is of age, and we can easily protect her from any folly of her own or others, or from any of the foolish funcies that sometimes overtake girls of her age and inexperience."

To her utter surprise, however, Clarence uttered a faint sigh of relief and his face again recovered its expression of boyish happiness. "I'm glad of it, Mrs. Peyton," he said heartily. "No one could understand better what is for her interest in all things than yourself. Not, he said with hasty and equally hearty loyalty to his old playmate. "that I think she would ever go against your wishes, or do anything that she knows to he wrong—but she is very young and innocent. As much of a child as ever—don't you think so, Mrs. Peyton?"

It was amusing, yet nevertheless puzzling to hear this boyish young man comment upon

to his old playmate. "that I think she would ever go against your wishes, or do anything that she knows to he wrong—but she is very young and innocent. As much of a child as ever—don't you think so, Mrs. Peyton?"

It was amusing, yet navertheless puzzling to hear this boyish young man comment upon Susy's grishness. And Clarence was serious, for he had quite forgotten in Mrs. Peyton's presence the impression of superiority which susy had lately made upon him. But Mrs. Peyton's presence the impression of superiority which susy had lately made upon him. But Mrs. Peyton returned to the charge—or rather to an attack upon what she conceived to be Clarence's old resition.

"I suppose she does seem girlish compared to Mary Rogers, who is a much more reserved and quiet nature. But Mary is very charming. Mr. Brant, and I am really delighted to have her here with Susy. She has such lovely dark eves and such good manners. She has been well brought up, and it is casy to see that her friends are superior people. I must write to them to let her stay longer. I think you said you didn't know them?

But Clarence, whose eyes had been thoughtfully and admiringly wandering over every characteristic detail of the charming apartment, here raised them to its handsome mistress with an apologetic air and a "No" of such unaffected and complete abstraction that she was again dumfounded. Certainly it could not be Mary in whom he was loterested!

Abandoning any further inquisition for the present, the talk naturally fell upon the books scattered about the tables. The young man knew them all: far better than she did, with a cogent knowledge of others whom she had never hear of. She found herself in the attitude of receiving information from this boy, whose boyishness, however, seemed to have evaporated, whose tone had changed with the subject, and who now spoke with the conscious reserve of knowledge. Decidedly she must have grown rusty in her seculusion! This came, she thought bitterly, of living alone; of her husband's proceen paid to whic

cast a long and lingering look around him. "You will come again, Mr. Brant." said the haly more graciously: "If you are going to ride new perhaps you would try to meet Mr. Peyton. He is late already, and I am always uneasy when he is on one of those hulf-broken horses, which they consider good enough for riding here. You have ridden them before and understand them, but I am afraid that's another thing we have got to learn."

When the young man found himself again confronting the glittering light of the courtyard he remembered the interview and the soft twilight of the bondoir only as part of a pleasant dream. There was a rude awakening in the flere wind which had increased with the lengthening shadows. It seemed to sweep away the half-sensous comfort that had pervaded him, and made him coldly realize that he had done nothing to solve the diffiguities of his relations to Susy. He had lost the one chance of confiding to Mrs. Peyton—if he had ever really intended to do so. It was impossible for him to do it hereafter without a confession of prolonged deceit.

He reached the stables impotently, when his attention was attracted by the sound of excited voices in the corral. Looking within he was astonished to see that one of the vaqueros was holding the dragging bridle of a blown, dusty, and feam-covered horse around which a dozen idlers were gathered. Even beneath its confing of dust and foam and the haif-displaced the spirited pinto mustang which Peyton had ridden that morning.

"What's the matter?" said Clarence from the gatoway.

The men fell apart, glancing at each other. One said quickly in Spanish: "Say pothing to him. It is an affair of the house."

But this brought Clarence down like a bombshell among them, not to be overlooked in his equal command of their though and of them. "Ah, come now: What drunken piggishness is this? Speak!"

"The padron has been-perhaps—thrown to-day," stammered the first speaker. "His horse arrives—out he well alight to the second termee, Clarence had a fine assorted the min open o

one of the men at the right utfered a shout, the by the same strange instinct Clarence knew that Peyton was found.

He was indeed lying there among the wild oats at the right of the road, but without trace of life and with searce human appearance. His clothes, where not forn and shredded away, were partly turned inside out; his schoulders, neck, and head were a shapeloss, undistinguishable mask of dried earth and rags, like a mummy wrapping. His left boot was gone. His large frame seemed boneless, and, except for the cerements of his mud-stiffened clothing, was limp and sodden.

Clarence raised his head suddenly from a quick examination of the body and looked at the men around him. One of them was already cantering away. Clarence instantly threw himself on his norse and, putting spurs to the animal, drew a revolver from his holster and fired over the man's head. The rider turned in his saddle, saw his pursuer, and pulled up. "Go back!" said Clarence, riding heside him." or my next shot won't missyou."

I was only going to inform the senora, said the man with a shrug and a forced smile.

"I will do that," said Clarence, grimly driving him back with him into the waiting circle. "And now," he added, in their own frony—dooking around sum—"My brave gentlemen! Knights of the bull and gailant mustang hunters! I want to inform you that I believe Mr. Peyton was murdered, and if the man who killed him is anywhere this side of hell I intend to find him! Good! You understand? Now lift up the body, you two, by the shoulders; you two, by the feet, Leave your horses to follow! I intend that you four shall carry home your master in your arms. Now forward to the corral by the back trail. Disobey me and—"he raised the revolver ominous,"

If the change wrought in the dead man before them was welrd and terrifying, no less ominous was the change that during the last few minutes had come over the living speaker. For it was no longer the youthful Clarence who say there, but a haggard, prematurely worn, desperate-looking man, lank of

hem look out him!"
the father is in him!"
(To be continued,)

A FUNERAL IN THOMPSON STREET.

The Street Cries and Laughter Went On, but One Woman Was in Tears. There was a funeral in Thompson street the other day. It occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning, when sunshine like that of Italy was beating upon the eastern windows of tall tonement and decaying rookery. Upon the shady side of the street the open-air vegetable market was in full activity and the denizens of the street, picturesquely clad in flith and splender, crowded doorway and street stand chaffering for the raw material of that day's dinner. Suddenly an open barouche and a small ivery-white hearse with soiled plumes drew up in front of the tall, narrow tenement, bearing a banker's sign over its ground-floor doorway. Two windows of the next floor were obscured with white muslin. In the hearse was a tiny white coffin trimmed with silver-washed metal. Half a dozen other coaches were strung along the street a few minutes later. People about the market stands began to stare across the street at the hearse and up toward the

the street at the hearse and up toward the white-curtained windows. An unmistakable undertaker all in black save his blue trousers, bisstled about the hearse; so did a coachman, with a plug hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth. The two lifted out the empty coffin and carried it into the tenement.

As the coffin disappeared through the doorway, a little training grit knitting on the other side of the street assures; her companion, a boy of her own ago, that there were beautiful flowers all about the dead bamblion up stairs. Meanwhile the cries of the street, whether of business or merrimont, went on unhussied. A drunken raginan with a bag over his shoulder sang. Ta-ra-ra, booms-le-ny, to the living children, and supplemented it with a shrift an n and young with tiny at hed about the doorway collin had disappeared.

children, and supplemented it with a shrift fuddled laugh. Old win mand young with tiny habes in their arms heeffied about the doorway through which the collin had disappeared, laughed, quarrelled, gessipped, and may have hugged their bates a little tighter as their tyes fell upon the white hearse. As for the children old enough to run about, they clustered on the sidewalk and gazed into the glass sides of the hearse, new and then pushing one another toward the fascinating horror, and all the while talking and laughing.

The concinnan, still smoking his eigar, emerged from the doorway of the tenement with a heap of silver coins in his hands, and distributed them among the coachmen nearest him. The money was apparently a pome boire from the parents of the dead child. It excited no end of merriment among the coachmen, and there was a lively consultation as to whother or not a bright new quarter dollar was counterfeit. More coaches came up with more smoking coachmen. A woman with tears in her cyes and a soiled handkerchief at her nose leaned out of one of the white-curtained windows, and looked down on the hearse. She was an object of interest to the fast-increasing crowd. Then the coffin this time heavier from the weight of a cold little hody, was brought out and put into the hearse. At the same time the officious undertaker began carrying down floral places and potted plants. I told you so," said the little knitter as these things were arranged in the open barouches. After coffin and flowers had been properly disposed, twe little girls were led to the open barouche, where they took seats amid the nodeing plants. Their little round heads, dark with curling hair and lit here and there with a tawny golden gliet that will seen by some in the back night of Italian women's tresses just showed above the flattened top of the barouche. A weeping woman in everyday gown came out, her shawl gathered mourning-wise over her hood, and got into the coach behind the hearse. A big man in bine suit-his test-got in with her. Then t

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. The Fate of a Slave Ship in the Guif of

Oppright, 1892, by Charles R. Lewis. It was in the fifties, before steamers had superseded the great Australian liners and the big ships plying between England and India. I was a midshipman on board an India packet called the Sea King. The difference between a midshipman, so called, and an apprentice lay in the fact that the former were petty officers and learned navigation and seamanship from the quarter deck, while the latter were fo'castle hands and helped to perform the actual work. Our ship carried three midshipmen, and our respective fathers had to pay a smart sum to place us there.

At that time the running of slave cargoes

from the coast of Africa was confined solely to the Arabs and the Cubans, with now and then a cargo for some South American port. We oft Calcutta with about 170 passengers, and of this number there were about 50 army officers. Some had resigned on account of wounds or ill health, others were on furlough, and others still had been exchanged into home regiments. There was also a party of five sportsmen, who had been "doing" the jungles of India for two or three years. At Cape Town we took on board thirty more passengers, and among them was another party of sportsmen, who had been up in the lion country. We must have had a full hundred men among the passengers when we left the cape Nothing out of the routine occurred until we were well above St. Paul de Loanda and half way across the Gulf of Guinea. Then we raised a sail dead ahead, which was standing

to the west, having evidently come out from the coast. We were within four miles of her when the breeze, which had been light all the morning, died flat out and left both craft heaving on a glassy sea. Our officers had given the stranger a sharp looking over, and it was the unanimous opinion that she was a suspicious character. She was a topsail schooner, painted a grayish white, and having a great spread of canvas, and when Mr. Gray-son, the chief officer, came down from aloft, after a long inspection through the glass, he

said to Capt. Hobson:
"I've seen twenty of the Cuban 'blackbirds' in my time, and if she's not loaded with slaves.

then I'm a blind man." The Captain agreed that she was a slaver England, as you perhaps know, did more to suppress the slave trade than all other nations combined. She had five cruisers to one off the African coast, and she overhauled five times as many craft as any other nation. But for he efforts very little would have been accom-

African coast, and she overhauled five times as many craft as any other nation. But for her efforts very little would have been accomplished at sea. As soon as the strange craft was pronounced a slaver there was great indignation among our passengers, a majority of the men being anxious to go off in the small boats and capture her. This project did not meet with the views of our Captain at all. While he would like to have seen her a prize to a cruiser, he had no notion of interfering with her movements, I heard him say to a Major Shaw, who was anxious to lead an expedition, that the schooner was doubtless armed with cannon and carried a large crew, and that any interference with her would be serious.

Nobody dreamed of the calm which was to follow, although our position was close to the equator. It was summer time in those latitudes, but not oppressively hot. Not the slightest movement of air was felt for the rest of the day, and as passed the day so passed the night. Next morning it was seen that the two crafts were nearer together by half a mile or more. There were writers who call this movement of becalmed vessels magnetism. It is simply their drift. The larger one drifts the fastest, and had we been to the north of the schooner the distance would have been increased by half an mile, as both of us were drifting to the north in an ocean current. After breakfast Major Shaw wanted to pull off to the unknown on some sort of errand and thus settle her identity, but Capt. Hobson was firm in his refusal. Indeed, as he surveyed the horizon and consulted the glass and believed that the calm was to continue, he grew uneasy.

All day the Sea King rose and fell on the glasses brought her so hear that every detail could be noted. Everything about her showed that she had a Long Tom gun amidehips we did not doubt, although it was covered in from actual sight. There were also good ressons to believe that she carried out her recew. On the evening of the second day the seen on her decks did not half represent her crew. On the

and as a result passenger after passenger was invited into the Captain's room, and he said to each one in turn:

"The strange craft is a slaver, and has a cargo aboard. In order to carry as many negroes as possible, they fligure close on fresh water. If this caim continues another day we shall have a visit from him. I can spare him a couple of casks, but not more. Those may do him; if not, he will attempt to take a supply by force. We have no cannon, but we can raise at least 100 firearms among us, and I propose to fight him off."

When daylight came the drift of the ships had shortened the distance again. The slaver did not look to be over half a mile away, but her actual distance was three times that figure. The sentineis had heard queer noises from her direction after midnight, and our people figured that they had had gangs of negroes on deck at intervals and bad sluiced water over those in the hold to save them as much as possible. If there had been any doubt of her calling the odor that came to us about sunrise would have dispelled it. Many could not detect it, but there were at least twenty aboard who got the smell, though not the slightest breath of sir was stirring. The odor of a cargo of blacks is something herrible. On one occasion, after the capture of an Arab dhow by a British cruiser, I was on a ship which crossed their wake five miles astern, and yet we got the odor so strong that some were made sick.

After breakfast the Captain requested all passengers to promenade the decks, knowing that the slaver was inspecting us through his glasses, and desiring to present a bold front to him. It was to be another day without a puff of air, and much hotter than the preceding ones. It was 10 o'clock when we saw them lower a small boat from the stern of the schooner and four men enter her. She came puling at a smart pace and stopped a few yards away off our starboard quarter.

"Hello! the boat!" replied Capt. Hobson.

"Hello! the ship!" called the man in the stern sheets as he shood que.

"Hello! the ship!" c

Hobson was a blunt spoken man. After a bit of thinking he replied:

"I am satisfied that your schooner is a Cuban slaver, and that sho has a cargo aboard of her now. It's a villation has a cargo aboard of her now. It's a villation has a cargo aboard so not you swinging at the yardarm! However, out of pity for the poor blacks. I'll s; are you three casks. I can't do more. Go back to rour craft and I'll hoist them out and tow them half way."

"And about the pay?"

"Your money is accursed and I won't handle it."

see the blacks sacrified everybody was willing to go on half allowance. The result was that we made up about 250 gallons of a mixture of rum and water, and the slaver towed the casks away. As soon as darkness came the deep lead was cast and bottom was found at 180 feet. Hawsers were bent to a couple of small anchors, and we soon had the satisfaction of knowing that our drift was checked.

The dawn of the sixth day showed the schooner not more than a mite away. The fellows had got on to our trick and adopted it very promptly. The day passed quietly away, the slaver sluting his between decks and marading his gangs as before.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th the barometer indicated a change, but sky and sea gave no evidence of it. About surrise the blacks could be heard railing a row, probably demanding water, and an hour later the pivot gun, whose presence we had suspected, was uncovered and loaded and pointed at us. At the same time three ports were opened, and the muzzles of three smaller cannon run out and trained on our ship. The slaver's crew also increased from ten to twenty-live men, and we realized that a climax was at hand. They proposed to save their own cargo at any risk. The officer who had visited us twice before now appeared for the third time, having the same three villains at the oars. He said they were again out of water and must have a support. He did not ask if any mora could be spared, but commanded Capt, Hobson to holst out ten casks on the penalty of being fired into To the surprise of everybody, the Captain humbly agreed and called out:

"Send all the mon you can spare and make a short job of it, but I want none of you aboard!"

The boat returned to the schooner, and half an humbly agreed and called out of sight, with the were looking for a second when the sun was suddenly blotted out of sight, sight seemed to come again, and a white squall broke with the scream of a thousand locame which swent us up to Cape Vera and 500 miles boyond. Not one of the hoats reached the schooner. The cra

## With the Wagon Train.

Twenty army wagons and their drivers-fifty cavalrymen from Troop E-a pull of minety miles across the Indian country. Yes, we shall be attacked by the hostiles. They would not let such an opportunity pass. They aan mus-ter four to one, even if we counted in the teamsters. Col. Blank, at the new post to which we were bound, had written to Capt. White, who was to command the train:
"My wife is to come out with you. See that my previous instructions are carried out. She knows what they are."

And we had not marched an hour when Capt

White sent for me and said: "Corporal, you will not as a special guard over the third wagen."

"Very well, sir." "The Colonel's wife is in that wagon, as you

probably know. "Yes, sir."
"In case the Indians are too strong for us

they must not find her alive. That's all!"

I rode back to the third wagon and placed my horse at the nigh fore wheel, and lifted my cap to the lady, who had been provided with a cap to the lady, who had been provided with a comfortable seat by herself. She was a little bit of a woman, not over 25 years old, and married to the Colonel only two years before. She looked at me out of her big blue eyes and smiled, but she could not steady her voice as she leaned forward and inquired: "Corporal, do you—you think we shall be attacked?"
"Out to likely, ma'am, but we may accessed." Quite likely, ma'am, but we may squeeze

through." And if attacked, and you can't beat the

charging down on us. The valley was just about as wide as the train was long, and there-fore the twenty of us on that side had a chance at the reds as they came on in a mot, shoot-ing, shouting, and seemingly determined to

about as wide as the train was ions, and therefore the twenty of us on that side had a chance at the reds as they came on in a mob, shooting, shouting, and seemingly determined to ride over us.

"Corporal!"

It was the voice of the Colonel's wife, just as we were preparing to fire.

"Yes m. I remoniber." I replied as I lowered my carbine to look up at her.

We poured the fire of our carbines into the charging mass and checked its rush. The Indian then passed to our front and rear so as to assail us on all sides. There were fully three hundred of them, and had the train halted but for a minute they would have had us wiped out. A part of them had been ordered to fire only at the mules attached to the wagons. As they were kept meving only three or four were struck and none disabled.

"Corporal!"

There was fighting on front and rear and both sides, and the bullets were flying about us in a spiteful way. Five had passed through the cover of the wagon beside me.

It was the Coloned's wife calling to me. I looked up into her white Jace and she gasped:

"Corporal, are you going to——"

"Not yet—we are holding our own!" I replied as I turned to open fire again.

We were gradually getting out of the trap. Further on the ground was open and to our advantage. The Indian always does his best lighting at the start. Here and there we had a man wounded, but there was no confusion—no halting. Whenever they gathered as it to charge we opened fire on the spot and scattered them. Our fire was rapid and well-sustained, and at the end of a quarter of an hour we had them beaton. We were just drawing clear of the ridge when a bullet struck the third wagon teamster in the shoulder, and she called to me:

"Corporal, obey your orders!"

She dropped her hands over her face so that she might not see me as I raised my gon. The next lew seconds anust have been terrible.

"Corporal, obey your orders!"

She dropped her hands and stared at me for a minute as if she could not comprehend. Then she foil back in a deal laint, and it was a long half

"Then why didn't you do it? ne sternly de-manded."

"I - I was going to, but —"
"But what, sir? It was gross disobedience of orders and you are no longer a corporal"

But that was the old nartinet's way of pro-

"And about the pay?"

"Your money is accursed and I won't handle it."

The man forced a laugh, waved his hat as sainte, and his boat returned to the schooner. We got over the easils, havened a boat and the pay of the cash is havened a boat and the hand been hoisted into the deck. "It isn't a quart addeed for the thirsty people aboard of her." I heard the Captain say to Major Shaw, and if this caim holds we are bound to have a row with that fellow."

The fourth day of the calin passed quietly away. When night came I was figured that we had decreased our distance by a quarter of a mile, on the deck, but while some danced others on the deck, but while some danced others a surprise.

The fifth morning dawned without a cloud or a breath of air, and we were now within less than a mice of the schooner. The current was setting us both to the northeast, or upon the days more thust overlake the schoener. In this day, more thust overlake the schoener, the this development of the nearness. At 2 o'clock is the afternoon he allowed them to some on deck in gang, and we could plainly hear the should shortly hear from he allowed them to some on deck in gang, and we could plainly hear the should shortly hear from the same boat and the same edifier approached us as before.

"Tous see what our cargo is, Captain," said the man as he stood up and pointed to his orall. These chooner is a "lackbird" and hear the same boat and the same edifier approached us as before.

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